Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall haue your money presenly, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bawd. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie; He that wil giue most shal haue her first, such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue beene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he should haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

Bawd. I, and you shall liue in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee be, and I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd.

Baud. If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you vp: *Boults* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boult. Faith they listened to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Baud. We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres e the hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounsieur Verollus*?

Boult. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him, hee brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, wee should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vppon you, marke mee, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers seldome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quencht with some present practise.